THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, March 2, 1801.

Anecdotes of the late venerable M. Malſherbes, during his Confinement in a French Priſon, written by a Fellow-Priſoner.

THE late M. Malſherbes was, in all points, the moſt intereſting character among us. The high poſt he filled before the revolution, and the part he bore ſince in the defence of his unfortunate Sovereign, will ſufficiently juſtify this aſſertion. M. Malſherbes was in the full ſenſe of the term, what the French call an *amiable veillard:* ſo far from poſſeſſing that moroſe and peeviſh manner, ſo frequently met with in old age, and ſo repulſive to youth, he was never ſo happy and good-humoured as when in the company of young people; and on theſe occaſions, with a pleaſant alluſion to his own form, which was rather diminutive and diſtorted, he would liken himſelf to Æſop ſurrounded by his beaſts. Certainly, young people, could no-where elſe find a companion, of his age, ſo pleaſing and inſtructive: not a ſubject could be ſtarted on which he had not an appropriate anecdote to relate; nor a queſtion put to him, which he could not reſolve in a ſatisfactory manner. In one of our converſations with him, we remember that the diſcourſe turned on the manufactures and commerce of Great Britain, chiefly on our wool trade. M. Malſherbes ſingled out the only Engliſhman that was preſent, and told him that this branch of our manufactures was once threatened with a ſerious blow, in conſequence of a project which had been tranſmitted to him, during his former miniſtry. It ſtated the ſole reaſon of the

Engliſh wool being ſuperior, in point of fineneſs, to that of France was, that we were enabled to leave our flocks conſtantly in the meadows or on the hills, as not fearing any attack from wolves and other beaſts of prey; while in France, on the contrary, they were under the neceſſity of houſing them the greater part of the year. He then proceeded to point out a method of depriving us of this advantage, by employing a number of perſons to lay traps, &c. for wolves, in ſuch a manner as to take them alive; and when a ſufficient number of theſe animals ſhould have been thus obtained, they were to be ſent to a place of general rendezvous, put on board of veſſels, prepared for that purpoſe, and, on the firſt favourable opportunity, turned looſe on ſome part of the Engliſh coaſt. After ſome remarks on this ridiculous propoſition, he added: "Well, Monſieur l'Anglois, ſuppoſe we could now contrive to ſend you over ſome of the wolves we have with us in priſon, or of thoſe who have ſent us here, of which of your national productions would they cauſe the greater conſumption, the woollen or the hempen?"

M. Malſherbes was accompanied to priſon by the whole of his family, which was by no means a ſmall one; it conſiſted of M. Pelletier de Roſambo, formerly a counſellor of the parliament of Paris, who had married his only daughter, and his four children, three of whom were females, and had their huſbands with them, ſo that with the addition of M. Roſambo, jun. they formed the moſt numerous family party at Port Libre.

The younger Roſambo was the conſtant companion of his grandfather; they ſlept in the ſame room, and were to be ſeen, on moſt occaſions, together. So very fond was M. Malſherbes of him, that he would never ſuffer him to take upon himſelf any of thoſe little offices that the priſoners themſelves were obliged to perform; ſuch as ſweeping our rooms, making our beds, and others of the ſame nature: theſe different taſks he himſelf would regularly execute. It was an intereſting ſight to ſee the old gentleman, at ſix o'clock every morning, after having dreſſed himſelf in the moſt quiet manner, ſo as not to diſturb his grandſon's repoſe, come on tip-toe out of his chamber, with a large earthern pitcher in his hand, and go down to fill it at the priſon pump, and then, though he bent beneath its weight, carry it back up a double flight of ſtairs, ſteadily refuſing every kind of aſſiſtance: when his friends would remonſtrate with him on this head, and adviſe him to leave ſo laborious a taſk to his grandſon, who was young and vigorous, he would reply, that

young

young people, after the exercise of the day, had more occasion for sleep than those of his age; and that it would be cruel to deprive his grandson of rest, because he himself could not enjoy it.

It would have been natural to suppose, that M. Malsherbes might have been suffered to finish the small portion of life he had to enjoy, in peace and retirement. But alas! no: though verging to his eightieth year, he was considered as a dangerous person. The first of his family who fell was his son-in-law M. Pelletier de Rosambo; and the next day after his execution, M. Malsherbes himself, with his daughter, and two grand-children, the Marquis and Marchioness of Château Briand, were called to trial, upon a charge of having corresponded with the enemies of the republic, and conspired against its unity and indivisibility. Madame de Rosambo, as she was quitting the prison, met the young and interesting Mademoiselle Sombreuil; she ran up to her, and embracing her, said, "You were once happy enough to save the life of your father; I shall be equally happy in dying with mine." The venerable M. Malsherbes behaved as might be expected; he observed, that after having seen eighty years pass over his head, it was now no longer worth caring about: even on the morning of his execution, as he was leaving his cell, on his way to the fatal cart, he jocosely remarked, on his making a false step at the threshold, "Ha! that is a bad omen! a Roman would have gone back again."

Substance of the most interesting Parts of the Travels of C. F. Damberger, a German, through the interior Parts of Africa, from the Cape of Good Hope to Morocco, between the Years 1781 *and* 1797.

[Continued from Page 149.]

DAMBERGER and his companions began their journey in search of the wreck of the French ship on the 27th of April, and reached it on the evening of the same day. The ship lay between the Fish-river and the river St. Lucie, in a bay formed by the sea behind the mountain. "She was a brig, and her name, which I could discern on her stern, was St. Wemburg. We found several bodies in a state of putrefaction, and pierced through in several places, besides kettles, chests, and also cottons and silks, which the sea-water

had rendered unfit for uſe. Iron being the moſt intereſting object to my companions, they endeavoured to draw out of the timber as many nails, bolts, and cramp irons as they were able. I kindled a fire, and prepared the ſupper, which conſiſted of the meat which we had brought with us. The ſupper being ready, I called my companions, and ſhowed them that I had procured a tolerable quantity of iron without much trouble, by putting on the fire boards and beams which contained bolts and nails, and being conſumed by flames, the iron lay in a maſs on the ground. Having witneſſed this operation, the Caffres ran to the ſhip, and fetched whole beams, two of which were generally faſtened together with ſtrong iron bars, and put them on the fire. The next morning the iron was picked up among the aſhes, and by this means a large quantity of it collected. On ſearching the beach, we found in a caſk, covered with ſand by the waves, ſeventy fire-locks, but which unfortunately were all ſpoiled by ruſt. We put them in the fire to burn off the wood, and afterwards found, farther on the beach, ſome ſwords with the French arms engraved on them. At noon every thing was ready for our departure, but, as ſome of the Caffres pretended to be worn out with fatigue, it was reſolved to take ſome repoſe till the next morning.

"Walking on the beach, I perceived a human body, which, although in a ſtate of putrefaction, retained the marks of two wounds, received in the breaſt, and was decorated with a badge of diſtinction, probably the croſs of St. Louis. I manifeſted a deſire to inter it; my companions approved of my propoſal, fetched four other dead bodies, and they were all five depoſited in a deep pit, dug out for that purpoſe, and covered with earth. The funeral being performed, my companions waſhed themſelves about twenty times with ſea-water and aſhes, and did not eat a morſel the whole day; whether from religious motives, or from a love of cleanlineſs, I could not learn. In the evening a large fire was again kindled: we lay down and fell aſleep.

"Early in the morning every one took up his load, and we ſet out on our march, conſidering whether we ſhould proceed toward the horde, who had invited us to paſs the night with them, or ſtrike into our former road; the majority inclining to the former opinion, we took that route, reached the horde in good time, and met with a very kind reception. We found there large ſtores of the remains of the ſhip's cargo and furniture, clothes, ſhoes, whole pieces of ſilks and cottons, ſeveral new fire-locks and ſwords, two large coppers, ſaucepans,

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"On the 20th of May I took my leave of this good-natured people. I was preſented with roaſt meat, and calabaſhes full of milk, and reminded of my promiſe to return. Several Caffres accompanied me as far as the mountain, when I turned towards the north-eaſt, conſtantly wandering on rocks, until I reached a creek, formed by the Fiſh-river, on whoſe banks I took ſome repoſe; and then purſued my journey, climbing at one time over mountains, and at others wandering through pleaſant vales. The next day I reached a delightful plain, covered with fine reed-graſs, and interſperſed with ſhrubs and trees, many of which bore the yellow plums I have already mentioned. At laſt I came to another kraal, where I paſſed the night: they gave me milk and a piece of meat, but ſecured my carabine.* On my ſetting out the next morning, I was accompanied by a great many children as far as a flat mountain, which lay in my road. This was rather a meaſure of precaution than a matter of curioſity, their fields lying that way; for on our paſſing by a piece of land, ſown with Indian corn, a ſtalk of which I was going to pluck up, they cried out—*gonorum daro puſy kamd jrujulſay* (don't touch it, elſe you will be ſhot by my father). On the mountain, called by the Caffres *Pfadoh*, (Salt-hill), I found much ſalt-petre. The foot of the mountain was waſhed by a ſmall river, which branched into two arms. The laſt mentioned horde moſt probably obtain their water at this place, which has a brackiſh taſte. Whether this water is originally impregnated with ſalt, or attracts ſaline parts

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parts from the rocks over which it flows, I am not able to determine. I came next to a thick wood, which I intended to paſs, but was not able to effect my purpoſe, though in attempting it I was detained half a day. Near this wood I ſaw a troop of about forty elephants. I was much alarmed, being obliged to traverſe the place which they occupied, but eſcaped unhurt, and paſſed the night cloſe by the wood. I kindled a large fire, but was nevertheleſs much harraſſed by wolves and lions, who approached very near me, but had not the courage to attack me. This wood was by my calculation from twenty-one to twenty-eight miles in length, and conſiſted of kakolay and monapacka-trees. The fruit of the kakolay-tree reſembles our wild cheſnuts, but the pulp is of a reddiſh colour, and of a ſour taſte. The fruit of the monapacka-tree is a ſpecies of apple, the kernels of which are of the ſize of a large vetch and ſweet. I was now compelled to ſtay a conſiderable time by the fire, as it was very late before the wild beaſts withdrew into the foreſt, and I did not think it prudent to paſs through them.

" About noon a tremendous ſtorm aroſe, which I conſidered as a joyful event in as much as it cooled the air. I was not able to travel more than ſix miles, the road frequently being obſtructed by ſtagnant waters, which I was obliged to wade through or to go round. Theſe were alſo infeſted by wild animals which ſallied forth from the woods to quench their thirſt. The following night I was compelled to be conſtantly on my guard, to keep off their attacks, as I could not venture into the foreſt to fetch the neceſſary fire-wood. I therefore paſſed this night without ſleep, walked conſtantly to and fro, and ate ſome meat, which was not altogether untainted. At break of day I croſſed the ridge of rocky mountains, which lay before me, and which run from weſt to eaſt. I met with barren heights, unfruitful valleys, without ſhrub or trees, and covered with long reed-graſs, ſcorched by the ſun. Wild beaſts abounded every where. I found large ſupplies of rain water in the clefts of the rocks. The following day I fired at a roebuck, but having wounded him but ſlightly he effected his eſcape. I intended to paſs the night in a neighbouring kraal, but not being able to reach it I ſat down on a hill, and conſidered whether I had better turn toward another quarter or purſue the ſame road. Unable to ſatisfy the cravings of my ſtomach I grew melancholy, but on a ſudden was rouſed from my dejection by the ſound of human voices.

" I looked round, and ſaw a party of men advancing towards me, armed with clubs and javelins. Had I been leſs tormented with hunger, I ſhould have endeavoured to eſcape from them; but now I was glad to ſee them approach me. At the diſtance of ten paces they all halted; and one of them called out to me in the Caffrarian language: 'What doſt thou here?' I anſwered, that I was dying with hunger. 'Haſt thou no food then?' aſked a ſecond. I replied that I had none. 'Who art thou?' cried a third. 'I am a native of the weſt, and our ſhip has been wrecked on the coaſt.' 'Whither art thou going?' 'To my native country.' Many other queſtions were put to me, and in particular I was aſked whether I had come alone? I anſwered them as well as I could, by means of ſingle words and ſigns, and then intreated them to give me ſome food. They ordered me to accompany them; but on my aſſuring them that I was ſo fatigued and weak as to be unable to follow them: a conſultation was held in which one of them ſaid, that I muſt be compelled to go with them; another propoſed to kill me with their javelins; but this was oppoſed by a third, who happened to be of a gentler and more compaſſionate diſpoſition. This diſcourſe terrified me exceedingly: at laſt one of them ſeized me by the arm, and gave me to underſtand, that I muſt go along with them. I willingly followed them into a thicket, where they halted and kindled a fire. One of them gave me a piece of raw meat, which I broiled on the coals: others of them let me drink out of their water-bottles. When I lay down to ſleep, I placed my knapſack as a pillow, under my head; but they took it away from me, to examine its contents. In it they found powder, balls, a knife, a pair of ſciſſars, and two ſhirts; the knife and ſciſſars they kept, but the other articles were reſtored to me. I had luckily ſewed my money into my waiſtcoat, and thus preſerved it. I ſlept ſoundly, but was awaked very early in the morning, and ordered to follow them."

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES *of* JEMIMA WILKINSON,

(Continued from Page 154.*)*

THE number of her votaries has, of late, much decreaſed. Many of the families who followed her to Jeruſalem, are no longer the dupes of her ſelf-intereſted policy. Some ſtill

ſtill keep up the outward appearance of attachment to her; while others have openly diſclaimed their connection with Jemima. Such, however, as ſtill continue her adherents appear to be entirely devoted her. With theſe ſhe paſſes for a propheteſs, an indeſcribable being; ſhe is not Jemima Wilkinſon, but a ſpirit of a peculiar name, which remains a profound ſecret to all, who are not true believers; ſhe is the friend, the all-friend. Six or ſeven girls of different ages, but all young and handſome, wait upon her, with ſurprizing emulation, to enjoy the peculiar ſatisfaction of being permitted to approach this celeſtial being. Her fields, and her garden, are ploughed and dug by the friends, who neglect their own buſineſs to take care of her's; and the all-friend is ſo condeſcending, as not to refuſe their ſervices; ſhe comforts them with a kind word now and then, makes inquiries after and provides for their health and welfare, and has the art of effectually captivating their affections, the more, perhaps, becauſe ſhe knows how to keep her votaries at a reſpectful diſtance.

When the ſervice was over, Jemima invited us to dinner. The hope of watching her more narrowly induced us to accept the invitation; but we did not then know, that it forms a part of the character ſhe acts, never to eat with any one. She ſoon left us; and locking herſelf up with her female friend, ſat down, without other company, to an excellent dinner; we did not get our's till after ſhe had dined. When our dinner was over, and alſo another, which was ſerved up after our's, the ſanctuary opened again. And now Jemima appeared once more at the door of her room, and converſed with us, ſeated in an arm-chair. When ſtrangers are with her, ſhe never comes over the threſhold of her bed-room; and when by herſelf, ſhe is conſtantly engaged in deliberation how to improve the demeſne of her friend. The houſe was, this day, very full. Our company conſiſted of exactly ten perſons; after us dined another company of the ſame number; and as many dined in the kitchen. Our plates, as well as the table-linen, were perfectly clean and neat; our repaſt, although frugal, was yet better in quality than any of which we had partaken ſince our departure from Philadelphia; it conſiſted of good freſh meat, with pudding, an excellent ſallad, and a beverage of a peculiar yet charming flavour, with which we were plentifully ſupplied out of Jemima's apartment, where it was prepared. The devout gueſts obſerved, all this while, a profound ſilence; they either caſt down their eyes, or lifted them up to Heaven with a rapturous

ſigh; to me they appeared not unlike a party of the faithful, in the primitive ages, dining in a church.

The all friend had by this time exchanged her former dreſs for that of a fine Indian lady, which, however, was cut out in the ſame faſhion as the former. Her hair and eye-brows had again been combed. She did not utter a ſyllable reſpecting our dinner; nor did ſhe offer to make any apology for her abſence. Conſtantly engaged in perſonating the part ſhe has aſſumed, ſhe deſcanted in a ſanctimonious, myſtic tone, on death, and on the happineſs of having been an uſeful inſtrument to others in the way of their ſalvation. She afterwards gave us a rhapſody of prophecies to read, aſcribed to one Dr. Love, who was beheaded in Cromwell's time; wherein ſhe clearly diſcerned, according to her accounts, the French revolution, the decline and downfall of Popery, and the impending end of the world.

Finding, however, that this converſation was but ill adapted to engage our attention, ſhe cut ſhort her harangue at once. We had indeed already ſeen more than enough to eſtimate the character of this bad actreſs, whoſe pretended ſanctity only inſpired us with contempt and diſguſt, and who is altogether incapable of impoſing upon any perſon of common underſtanding, unleſs thoſe of the moſt ſimple minds, or downright enthuſiaſts. Her ſpeeches are ſo ſtrongly contradicted by the tenor of her actions; her whole conduct; her expence, compared with that of other families within a circumference of fifty miles; her way of living, and her dreſs, form ſuch a ſtriking contraſt with her harangues on the ſubject of condemning earthly enjoyments; and the extreme aſſiduity with which ſhe is continually endeavouring to induce children, over whom ſhe has any influence, to leave their parents, and form a part of her community; all thoſe particulars ſo ſtrongly militate againſt the doctrine of peace and univerſal love, which ſhe is inceſſantly preaching, that we were all actually ſtruck with abhorrence of her duplicity and hypocriſy, as ſoon as the firſt emotions of our curioſity ſubſided.

Her fraudulent conduct, indeed, has been diſcovered by ſo many perſons, and ſo much has been ſaid againſt it, that it is difficult to account for her having had any adherents at all, even for a ſhort time. And yet ſhe will probably retain a ſufficient number, to increaſe ſtill further her fortune, which is already conſiderable for the country in which ſhe reſides, and fully adequate to the only end which ſhe now

ſeems anxious to attain; namely, to live independent, in a decent, plentiful, and even elegant manner.

There are ſo many weak-minded religioniſts, and Jemima is ſo particularly careful to ſelect her diſciples among perſons who are either very old or very young, that her impoſture, however groſs and palpable to the diſcerning, may yet be carried on for ſome time with ſucceſs, ſufficient to anſwer her ultimate purpoſe. If her credit ſhould ſink too low, ſhe would find herſelf conſtrained to tranſplant her holineſs to ſome other region; and, in fact, ſhe had, laſt year, harboured the deſign of removing her family and eſtabliſhment, and of ſettling in Carlton Iſland, on the Lake of Ontario, where ſhe would enjoy the ſatisfaction of living under the Engliſh Government, which, by her account, has proffered her a grant of land.

Account of the Behaviour of the celebrated Lorenzo de Medici on his Death-bed, with a Sketch of his Character.

By MR. ROSCOE.

NO ſpecies of reputation is ſo cheaply acquired as that derived from death-bed fortitude. When it is fruitleſs to contend and impoſſible to fly, little applauſe is due to that reſignation which patiently awaits its doom. It is not, therefore, to be conſidered as enhancing that dignity of character which Lorenzo had ſo frequently diſplayed, that he ſuſtained the laſt conflict with equanimity. "To judge from his conduct, and that of his ſervants," ſays Politiano, "you would have thought that it was they who momentarily expected that fate from which he alone appeared to be exempt."

Even to the laſt the ſcintillations of his former vivacity were perceptible. Being aſked, on taking a morſel of food, how he reliſhed it:—"As a dying man always does," was his reply. Having affectionately embraced his ſurrounding friends, and ſubmitted to the laſt ceremonies of the church, he became abſorbed in meditation, occaſionally repeating portions of ſcripture, and accompanying his ejaculations with elevated eyes and ſolemn geſtures of his hands, till the energies of life gradually declining, and preſſing to his lips a magnificent crucifix, he calmly expired.

In

In the height of his reputation, and at a premature period of life, thus died Lorenzo de Medici; a man, who may be ſelected from all the characters of ancient and modern hiſtory, as exhibiting the moſt remarkable inſtance of depth of penetration, verſatility of talent, and comprehenſion of mind. Whether genius be a predominant impulſe, directing the mind to ſome particular object, or whether it be an energy of intellect, that arrives at excellence in any department in which it may be employed, it is certain that there are few inſtances in which a ſucceſsful exertion in any human purſuit has not occaſioned a dereliction of many other objects, the attainment of which might have conferred immortality. If the powers of the mind are to bear down all obſtacles that oppoſe their progreſs, it ſeems neceſſary that they ſhould ſweep along in ſome certain courſe, and in one collected maſs. What then ſhall we think of that rich fountain, which, whilſt it was poured out by ſo many different channels, flowed through each with a full and equal ſtream? To be abſorbed in one purſuit, however important, is not the characteriſtic of the higher claſs of genius, which piercing through the various combinations and relations of ſurrounding circumſtances, ſees all things in their juſt dimenſions, and attributes to each its due.

Of the various occupations in which Lorenzo engaged, there is not one in which he was not eminently ſucceſsful; but he was moſt particularly diſtinguiſhed in thoſe which juſtly hold the firſt rank in human eſtimation. The facility with which he turned from ſubjects of the higheſt importance to thoſe of amuſement and levity, ſuggeſted to his countrymen the idea that he had two diſtinct ſouls in one body. Even his moral character ſeems to have partaken, in ſome degree, of the ſame divinity; and his devotional poems are as ardent as his lighter pieces are licentious. On all ſides he touched the extremes of human character; and the powers of his mind were only bounded by that impenetrable circle which preſcribes the limits of human nature.

Thoughts on the Diſſolution of Monaſteries.

[From the Britiſh Magazine.]

CONFOUNDING the innocent with the guilty, Henry drove from their peaceful habitations the pious, the ſtudious, the aged, and the virtuous from thoſe hallowed roofs,

which the piety of their anceſtors had bequeathed, to ſhelter the ſervants of God, the inſtructors of the people, and the guardians of recorded wiſdom: he ſeized upon their revenues, overturned their altars; and, more fatal than time itſelf, defaced almoſt every venerable monument of religious antiquity.

That the lives of ſome monks were luxurious and indolent, that they were more numerous than the purpoſes of religion and inſtruction might require, that the mendicant orders were burdenſome and uſeleſs, and that many doctrines which they taught were abſurd and contradictory, will be allowed;—indeed muſt be allowed; for in this boldly reaſoning age, faith is brought too generally to the teſt of demonſtration; and the light of nature, according to ſome reaſoners, ſhines with too broad a beam for the advantageous appearance of certain doctrines ſtill retained. But had the King contented himſelf with retrenching their numbers, and having ſhaken off the ſhameful yoke of papacy, drawn up new rules, or reformed the old ones of the different orders; had he ſwept out the accumulated trumpery of relics, and reduced the wild abſurdity of their doctrines to a due conformity with reaſon and ſcripture; had he pruned the vine, inſtead of rooting up the vineyard; he would probably never have had occaſion to complain as he afterwards did to his Parliament, that a goodly life never leſs appeared, that God was never leſs reverenced and worſhipped, than after the reformation.

That the monks were hoſpitable, that they were good landlords, were truths loudly declared by numbers of their dependants, whom they had fed and protected, and who bitterly lamented the hard fate that drove them from their ancient manſions. Thoſe loved and reſpected dwellings, where the poor man's heart was cheered at feſtivals, no longer obſerved; where he might unboſom his private ſorrows, and the troubles of his conſcience, and find pity and relief: for though ſome among the fraternity might be unfeeling and pitileſs, yet the chance would be, that among numbers, ſeveral would be found, with hearts open to melting charity, and hands ready to afford relief.

Indeed, the people felt ſo deeply the loſs of their ancient benefactors, and complained ſo loudly of it, that Cromwell found it expedient to adviſe the King, with a view of allaying their diſcontent, to ſell the convent lands at eaſy rates to the gentry in the ſeveral counties, under the obligation (ſince they had them on ſuch eaſy terms) of maintaining the ancient hoſpitality; and to this very day, we do ſee ſome illuſtrious

inſtances

inſtances of hoſpitality: and it would be unjuſt to ſuppreſs the praiſe which the many noble charities exiſting in London and other cities of the empire, ſo juſtly claim. But it may be pleaded in favour of the ancient religious communities, that they were much more diſperſed; almoſt every village had its abbey, or its convent, a refuge for the poor, and a houſe for hoſpitality.

Were any ſick?—the monks were the phyſicians; a poor unfortunate did not heſitate to apply for medical aſſiſtance, through a dread of the extortion of an unfeeling, needy apothecary: ſimples adminiſtered by the religious themſelves; comfortable food ſent them from the convent; wood to warm their dwellings, and money, if it were neceſſary, were liberally beſtowed. How much is the ſcene changed at preſent? In many caſes probably the poſſeſſors of thoſe lands originally obtained on the condition of practiſing a conſtant hoſpitality, hardly ever viſit their eſtates: the poor man paſſes the ſilent deſerted hall with downcaſt eye, and hopeleſs. A poundage ſteward, the little tyrant of the village, ſqueezes him for rent, and refuſes the repair of his clay-built ſhed: the paſtor, too, of this forlorn flock, ſhorn to the quick, may preach hoſpitality and charity, but the ſmallneſs of his ſtipend, or the circumſcribed value of his vicarage, put it out of his power to practiſe them, and thus render, in ſpite of him, his doctrine and practice inconſiſtent and contemptible.

It has indeed, with ſome appearance of juſtice, been laid to the charge of the reformers, that the rich ſpoils of the monaſteries, their plate, the jewels of their crucifixes and relics, the ſplendid ornaments of many celebrated ſhrines, and the lands attached to theſe foundations, were the moſt powerful ſecret motives of the reformation: a charge difficult to parry: candour will allow, that poſſeſſions obtained by fraud, cannot be lawfully kept, when that fraud is diſcovered; but ſurely teſtamentary bequeſts for religious purpoſes might be ſo far held ſacred (whatever regulation it may be found neceſſary to make reſpecting them), as to apply them as nearly as poſſible according to the intentions of the teſtator; for it were a very dangerous principle to eſtabliſh, that government ſhall ſeize upon, and apply to its own uſe, the eſtate of the ſubject formally bequeathed.

But yet, as many of theſe houſes had been endowed with lands upon condition of having maſſes ſaid by their inhabitants, for the ſouls of the departed donors, ſuppoſed to be in purgatory, when the people's eyes began to be opened to the abſurdity of that doctrine, it was but right that government

ſhould

ſhould interpoſe, to prevent further abuſes of that kind, and rectify ſuch as already exiſted, by ſeizing upon the lands, and applying them to better uſes. There can be no cenſure alledged to the perſons who conducted the reformation on that account; but they are blameable for not having applied the property to religious and charitable purpoſes, in conformity, as far as might be, with the intentions of the teſtator, and the intereſts of religion.

It may be pleaded in favour of monaſtic inſtitutions, that they afforded an aſylum to the aged, the infirm, and the unfortunate: many a ſolitary being do we now ſee, without family or connections, in poſſeſſion perhaps of only a limited competency for his ſupport, wandering about the world, loitering at bathing-places, among crowds of the young and the ſprightly, whoſe manners may lead him to regret the infirmities of his own age, and the years that are paſſed, by preſenting continually a ſtrong contraſt between the ſituation of thoſe who are entering the world and thoſe who are going out of it; theſe laſt, however weary ſoever they may be of the frivolities of faſhion, muſt nevertheleſs if they live in the world, in a great degree, comply with them; devotion being no longer the mode: however important it may be in their private opinion, to fix their thoughts upon a future ſtate, and however conſolatory ſuch religious and rational meditation may be, they are perpetually interrupted and broken in upon by a ſucceſſion of ſilly avocations, which, even to avoid being pointed at, muſt be attended to: how much happier, and much better placed, would theſe aged orphans (if I may be allowed the term) find themſelves in a retirement dedicated to devotion, and the exerciſe of charity!

Certain rules are expedient in every ſociety—ſuch as ſtated times of prayer, exerciſe, and reflection—to preſerve order, and over-rule caprice. Every member ſhould be allowed to quit ſuch a ſolitude as this the inſtant he found it unſuitable to his views; but upon quitting it, he ſhould be bound to make a ſmall benefaction to the ſupport of the foundation: here I think I hear an exclamation of "This is the old ſtory of bequeathing one's property to monaſteries." No ſuch thing: the benefaction need not exceed twenty guineas: the thing is practiſed at this moment, at one of the largeſt colleges of the Univerſity of Cambridge; every fellow-commoner upon quitting that ſociety, preſents it with a piece of plate. Plate, to a certain degree, would be unneceſſary to an eſtabliſhment ſuch as I have in view; every thing ſhould be plain and ſimple, as far as is compatible

with convenience: the donation ſhould be made in money, which ſhould be employed in the purchaſe of land, in order gradually to extend the little domain: and, I verily believe, landlords, who were about to ſtep into the grave, and beſides, who could not bequeath property thus acquired, would not oppreſs their tenantry, but be likely to be the beſt maſters imaginable.

Should a few aged friends, who are without families, determine on beginning ſuch an eſtabliſhment, by the contribution of a certain ſum each, for the purchaſe of a place of reſidence, and land for their ſupport, there are many venerable remains of religious houſes, in various parts of this iſland, and in the moſt appropriate ſituations, where the awful appearances of nature are calculated to make upon the mind the moſt ſublime impreſſions; or the ſoft tranquillity of the ſcenery to ſoothe it to peace and reſt, far from the noiſe and turbulence of the world; may, at the cloſe of life, exerciſe itſelf in its moſt proper employment,—meditation.

It would be neceſſary, for the ſake of order, that they ſhould elect one of their number as their ſuperior, to whom they might give the appellation of abbot, prior, director, or any other title, which hit their fancy: the director's authority might continue for life, or for a ſtated time, which would be preferable; but he ſhould be equally bound to obſerve their rules, and have no other pre-eminence over them than the direction of their temporalities, as they can be better adminiſtered by one, than by many; and his accounts ſhould be ſubjected to the inſpection of the ſociety four times in the year.

How many devout and unfortunate women there are who would gladly conduct the domeſtic economy of ſuch a ſociety, not as companions, but as mere houſekeepers, and menial ſervants: and how many very aged men there are, who would, placed in ſuch a retirement, and paſſing the evening of life in devotion and regularity, bleſs the bounty of a fellow-being who had been the founder of ſuch an eſtabliſhment;—a monaſtery revived upon a rational plan, and governed by a rational regulation.

I declare the picture intereſts me.—I think I ſee, in the ſober twilight, the Gothic windows peeping through the woods, and hear the ſolemn bell roll upon the breeze, while the venerable fraternity ſlowly paſs along to prayer: how reſpectable, how truly Chriſtian an union!—Theſe aged beings have paſſed through the hurry and buſtle of life, have trod through the paths of care, been toſſed, and perhaps

ſhipwrecked,

ſhipwrecked, by the billows of trouble; they have been agitated by the tumultuous expectations of hope and deſire; they have been ſtopped in their courſe by the ſad and death-like calm of deſpair; they have ſuffered obloquy undeſerved, or ſtruggled painfully under conſciouſneſs of ſecret ſin; but are here at laſt aſſembled, to cloſe the eventful ſcene of life in a peaceful preparation for that new ſtate of exiſtence which they are ſoon about to commence.

PHILOMATHUS.

January 21, 1801.

REMARKS *on the* PRIVILEGE *of* KILLING DEER.

By the late Hon. D. BARRINGTON.

THE privilege of killing "a deer or two" in the King's foreſts, is confined to an Archbiſhop (one of whom is ſaid in Prynne's Collection of Records, to have loved veniſon, more than his Sovereign's or people's ſouls,) a Biſhop, Earl, or Baron, which poſſibly many of thoſe who are ſtill entitled to it under this ſtatute, may not be acquainted with: the privilege is not granted in the moſt polite manner, by injoining the neceſſity to ſuch reſpectable perſonages, coming to the King, "*ad mandatum noſtrum*," to give notice by the blowing of a horn, *ne videatur furtivè hoc facere:* It may likewiſe be inferred from this privilege being confined to Barons, and ſuperior degrees of nobility, that the Members of the Houſe of Commons, (if there were at that time any ſuch repreſentatives of the people) could not be conſidered, as of much importance: when the Crown, at preſent, gives any ſmall favours, the Members of the Lower Houſe are not forgotten.

Enquiry reſpecting the beſt Method of tranſplanting Wheat.

ANY perſon, who is acquainted with the ſubject, will confer a benefit on his country, if he will point out the proper method of TRANSPLANTING WHEAT, and the proper ſeaſon for doing it.

Has any book been publiſhed on this ſubject? And what is the title of it?

AN ANECDOTE.

A Gentleman having called his ſervant to aſſiſt him in dreſſing, the latter, who had been employed in ſome dirty work, came up, all over duſt. The maſter, in a paſſion, took up a cane, and was going to lay it over the fellow's back, when he cried out, "Sir, Sir, if you wiſh to duſt my coat, I beg you will let me take it off firſt!"

A REBUS, *by H. H. of Exeter.*

NOW, learned gents. quickly deſcribe,
A man of Jacob's worthy tribe;
A perſon's name you next muſt crave
Who hid the prophets in a cave;
My next the man that ne'er did die
But who was carried up on high;
And laſt of all you muſt expound
A writer in the ſcriptures found:
The initials join'd, aright and true,
An ancient prophet comes to view.

Anſwer by James Hayden, of Axminſter, to T. Jarvis's and W. England's Charades, inſerted December 15.

WHEN ſilence reigns, and buſy fear,
When darkneſs ſhrouds the eye,
Can ſounds more diſmal ſtrike the ear
Than the NIGHT-RAVEN's* cry?
Yes, far more diſmal is the moan
When innocence ſhall bleed;
More diſmal ſtill the dying groan
From MASSACRE's† foul deed.

* We have received the like anſwer from W. Sherwell, of Modbury; William Maddick, Rattery; T. Churchouſe, Yeovil; W. Brock, Evercreech; W. England, Lyme; G. England, Uplyme; J. M. jun. Poole; J. R. Toulmin; W. Saunders, jun. Loddiſwell; H. Humphreys, and J. Smith, of Exeter; W. Bickham, jun. Aſhburton; J. Bulgin, Caſtle Cary; and J. Whitford, of St. Auſtell.

† Similar anſwers have been received from W. Saunders, jun. Loddiſwell; W. Brock, of Evercreech; J. R. Toulmin; William Maddick, of Rattery; B. Sellick, jun. and T. Webber, of Tiverton; J. Staples, of Briſtol; Serjeant Whittle, of the Upway Volunteers; W. Bickham, jun. Aſhburton; J. Moore, jun. of Poole; T. Churchouſe, Yeovil; J. Smith, and H. Humphreys, of Exeter; G. England, of Lyme; T. Coumbe, of Stonehouſe; R. Maffett, Saltaſh; W. Chudleigh, Newton Buſhel; Primroſe, Weſt Coker; R. Trewavas, Mouſehole; and William Sherwell, of Modbury.

A CHARADE, *by R. Baker, of Poole.*

PART of yourſelf firſt call to mind;
And then a famous poet find:
Connect them both, to view they'll bring
What is an emblem of the ſpring.

An ENIGMA.

YE wits ſay what I am, and whence I came!
You'll then allow I'm not unknown to fame.
Like many more of ſublunary race,
From *terra firma* I my birth can trace;
Yet I'm not only to one ſource confin'd,
But am of various ſubtile parts combin'd;
Compos'd of foſſil and metallic ore,
And partly form'd from vegetable ſtore
Tho' I'm as fragile as the frozen ſnow,
I'm as claſtic as the archer's bow:
In a deep dungeon I am brought to light,
And Phœnix like from aſhes riſe more bright:
My beauteous form is often wrought ſo fair,
With every ſparkling gem it may compare,
In colour vying with each vivid hue,
The bow of Iris e'er extends to view:
Yet do I oft ſo ſtark and diſmal ſeem,
I ſcarcely can admit the noon-tide beam:
My ſhining plumes adorn the youthful fair,
By waving graceful o'er their auburn hair.
I'm ſolid or I'm fluid, as you pleaſe,
And change from each to each with greateſt eaſe.
Thro' me you oft behold the lapſe of time,
As pleas'd you ramble in each vary'd clime.
Tho' prophets have ſo long been out of date,
I good or bad foretell, as ſure as fate:
In necromantic art I ſeem to deal,
And things far diſtant to your view reveal:
A giant to a dwarf can alſo change,
And *vice-verſa*, as the world I range.
Now all theſe wond'rous myſteries to clear,
And under maſk no longer to appear,
Ye who have conn'd o'er every tedious line,
In me behold "the human face divine."

POETRY.

ODE *to* WINTER.

By THOMAS CAMPBELL, *Eſq. Author of the Pleaſures of Hope.*

WHEN firſt the fiery mantled ſun
His heav'nly race began to run
Round the earth and ocean blue
His children four (the ſeaſons) flew:
Firſt, in green apparel dancing,
Smil'd the ſpring with angel face;
Roſy ſummer next advancing
Ruſh'd into her ſire's embrace.
Her bright-hair'd ſire, who bade her keep
For ever neareſt to his ſmiles;
On Calpe's olive-ſhaded ſteep,
Or India's citron-cover'd iſles;
More remote and buxom brown
The queen of vintage bow'd before his throne:
A rich pomegranate gemm'd her crown,
A ripe ſheaf bound her zone.

But howling winter fled afar
To hills that prop the polar ſtar,
And loves on deer-born car to ride
With barren darkneſs by his ſide,
Round the ſhore where loud Lofoden
Whirls to death the roaring whale;
Round the hall where Runic Oden
Howls his war-ſong to the gale;
Save when down the ravag'd globe
He travels on his native ſtorm,
Deflow'ring nature's graſſy robe,
And trampling on her faded form;
Till light's returning lord aſſume
The ſhaft that drives him to his northern field,
Of power to pierce his raven plume
And chryſtal cover'd ſhield!

O ſire of ſtorms! whoſe ſavage ear
The Lapland drum delights to hear,
When frenzy, with her blood-ſhot eye,
Implores thy dreadful deity!
Archangel power of deſolation,
Faſt deſcending as thou art,
Say, hath mortal invocation
Spells to touch thy ſtony heart?
Then, ſullen winter, hear my pray'r,
And gently rule the ruin'd year;
Nor chill the wand'rer's boſom bare,
Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear;
To ſhivering want's unmantled bed
Thy horror-breathing agues ceaſe to lend,

And

And mildly on the orphan head
Of innocence deſcend!

But chiefly ſpare, O king of clouds!
The ſailor on his airy ſhrouds,
When wrecks and beacons ſtrew the ſleep,
And ſpectres walk along the deep;
Milder yet thy ſnowy breezes
Breathe on yonder tented ſhores,
Where the Rhine's bright billow freezes,
Where the dark-brown Danube roars!
O winds of winter! liſt ye there
To many a deep and dying groan?
Or ſtart ye, dæmons of the midnight air,
At ſhrieks and thunders louder than your own?
Alas! e'en your unhallow'd breath
May ſpare the victim fallen low:
But man will aſk no truce to death—
No bound to human woe!

A SONG.—*By Mrs.* OPIE.

THINK not, while gayer ſwains invite
Thy feet, dear girl, to pleaſure's bowers,
My faded form ſhall meet thy ſight,
And cloud my Laura's ſmiling hours.

Thou art the world's delighted gueſt,
And all the young admire is thine;
Then I'll not wound thy gentle breaſt,
By numbering o'er the wounds of mine.

I will not ſay, how well, how long,
This faithful heart has ſigh'd for thee,
But leave, the happier ſwains among,
Content, if thou contented be.

But Laura, ſhould misfortune's wand
Bid all thy youth's gay viſions fly,
From thy ſoft cheek the roſe command,
And force the luſtre from thine eye;

Then, thoughtleſs of my own diſtreſs,
I'll haſte, thy comforter to prove;
And Laura ſhall my friendſhip bleſs,
Altho', alas! ſhe ſcorns my love.

ON REVISITING MY NATIVE COUNTRY.

THE woods as green, the ſkies as blue,
As bright the azure billow flows,
As when to cheer my infant view,
The proſpect firſt aroſe;
But while by grief for pleaſures paſt,
The gloomy ſcene is overcaſt,
The brighteſt landſcape ſmiles in vain,
And memory each charm deſtroys,
And only points to wither'd joys
That ne'er muſt bloom again!